

Installation Seven: Vigil's Testament

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Summary: While the battle against the remaining covenant forces, those who stayed loyal to the cause, rages on, forerunner installations still remain out there, waiting to be found.

Installation seven doesn't have to wait much longer. (This story is a bit of an experiment but I will upload it anyway, it likely won't be my main focus to update but it won't be forgotten about)

Installation Seven: Vigil's Testament

For the fourth time this rotation, sentinel three-seven-five had completed a full patrol of section three of installation seven and had become bored of its duties, which for an AI with access to an entire race's knowledge was something rather impressive. The AI continued to amuse itself with other such musings as it began its fifth patrol of the dark and metallic corridors of the section, hovering soundlessly above the ground while it continued to scan every inch of the metal structure that surrounded it.

"Section three, corridor one alpha, no anomalies detected."

Three-seven-five was one of the few sentinel units that found recording data aloud to be at least somewhat entertaining; however it was a minimal distraction at best.

"Just as usual" the last comment would have to be removed from the record, its only purpose being to lighten the tired mood three-seven-five found itself in. Three-seven-five found its thoughts returning to one of the many small ideas the sentinel thought about during its duties, the task of finding more appropriate names for the sentinels of installation seven, it had considered the reasons behind not having individual names for each sentinel some time ago, the sheer number of sentinels operational aboard this installation alone would make it difficult for any organic mind to remember all of them, however sentinel three-seven-five was certainly not organic. It had created its own name fifty-seven rotations ago, calling itself vigil;

it considered it fitting as it referred to its purpose on the installation, its purpose in life.

"Life" Vigil had speculated on this before, the idea that the sentinels were really alive or that they were merely imitations of life created to maintain and perform tasks on the installations. Whenever Vigil thought about these questions they would normally bring up others in the AI's mind, such as whether or not the sentinels had any free will of their own. Vigil stopped moving forward and hovered on the spot, these questions had always bothered the AI as Vigil had so far been unable to find answers to them.

"Sentinel three-seven-five, why have you ceased patrolling? Has your shell been damaged?" A familiar voice echoed through the metallic halls of the section, the Director, an AI that was well known to all of the sentinels operating on the installation, responsible for ensuring that installation seven remains operational, defended and ready to be called upon when necessary. Vigil had always thought highly of this AI, not just because of the AI's authority over the installation.

"No, Director, I am undamaged; I was in deep analysis again" Vigil felt that the Director was one of only a few AI's that Vigil could confide in, possibly due to the genuine care that worked its way into her words, Vigil waited for the Director to respond, unnecessary as it was as Vigil knew that the Director would simply just ask the AI to continue the patrol but the AI wanted some contact with another sentient mind however brief it may be.

"Sentinel...Vigil, while delaying your duties may not immediately endanger this installation, it is required that I ensure you return to such duties and remain on schedule" Sometimes Vigil would forget that the Director had responsibilities to the installation, these responsibilities being linked with the Director's upgraded status. Patrol duties were supposed to be important to the security of the installation but Vigil had soon learned that on an installation with such defences as this one, it was highly unlikely that anything could get inside, especially without being detected.

"I understand Director, returning to patrol of section three" The Director responded with a simple confirmed before switching to another section of the installation, leaving Vigil alone once more. The AI was growing increasingly wary of the repetitive scanning of the same metal halls and rooms to the point of complete boredom, mainly due to the lack of anything interesting for the AI to work on. Vigil would often wonder what it would be like to be assigned something other than patrol duty, which would soon lead Vigil to remember that it was unlikely that a sentinel could be reassigned and if a sentinel was reassigned, it would likely be due to the sentinel suffering severe damage. An idea occurred to the AI; maybe a gender identity could create at least something for the AI to think about, another thing the AI's creators didn't apply to the sentinels.

My voice module sounds masculine and I'm a security drone, so perhaps I could be considered as male, Vigil thought this appropriate but then concluded that asking the other AI's to refer to him as such would likely be met with scepticism and questions about whether or not his logical thinking drive had burnt out, so the AI decided it would be best to only refer to himself as a he in his own mind rather

than announcing it to the others.

Suddenly, Vigil's thinking was interrupted once more as the entire section began shaking violently, causing the lights to flicker momentarily and almost removing some of the wall panels before becoming a distant rumble but before he could return to his own thoughts, an alarm began echoing throughout the entire installation.

"The proximity alarm?" Vigil asked to the stale air around him, it wasn't unusual that the alarm would go off with all the random debris outside but somehow this felt different, he didn't know why it did, all he knew was that somewhere deep in his programming was something telling him that this was more than another false alert. He didn't have to wait long to find out.

"Emergency alert, a unknown vessel has landed in section four, sentinels from response team thirteen are to move to section four and await further instructions" This was one of the few things that made being augmented for combat worth it to Vigil as it meant that in the case of an emergency alert, he was the one going in first, which meant he would be the first to investigate the ship. Vigil almost wanted to exclaim his excitement aloud but stopped before doing so, he had only just thought of it, something he had pushed to the back of his mind a long time ago and had not thought of since, this would be the first time in two-thousand years that anyone outside the installation had gotten in, he would have a lot of questions for them.

End
file.